UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

The Spectres of Reflection

By FRANCIS NEILSON

The First Law of Nature

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

"My Fight Against Militarism and Nationalism in Germany"

By FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER

Reviewed by Prof. G. F. Nicolai; Translated and Condensed by Dr. William A. Cooper

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVI THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1921 NUMBER 16

1921
THE NEW YEAR CREED
of
An Indomitable Optimist.

I Believe in Man.
I Believe that Man can be trusted to do
his best if given
A Fair Chance
and
A Square Deal.

I Believe that his greatest need is to be
Let Alone
Unhampered by
Blue Laws
Assorted Statutes
and
Manifold Prohibitions.

I Believe that Man thrives best under
Freedom
More Freedom
Always Freedom.

Hence Obviously
I Believe in
GOD.

—C. P. F.

A great discovery has been made at Geneva! The Assembly of the League of Nations, after a month's series of meetings, announces with beatific solemnity that it finds it has no power, and that further meetings are futile unless important changes are made in the League Covenant. It is the Council which holds control of the League's machinery; and it is the four great powers—Great Britain, France, Japan and Italy —which hold control of the Council! In other words, to quote a trusted correspondent:

> The League is the Allied Powers' machine. What it can do is illustrated when the big Powers, through the Council, refused to let the Assembly even discuss the mandate terms. . . . It is easy to see that the Assembly can do little more than make speeches.

This momentous discovery at the sessions of the League Assembly, is like the discovery at a performance of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" that the prince dies in the last act. Some people had gathered the impression that Hamlet did not survive the drama, from a reading of the text of the play; in the same way, some of us had become convinced that the League of Nations was nothing but a conspiracy of the Great Powers for the military control of the world in their own interests, and the Assembly a mere sham representation of democratic control, from a study of the text of the Covenant. We prophesied long before the Assembly came together that it would amount to nothing, and the Great Powers, therefore, be in no way bound by its deliberations. Only experience, however, really teaches anything; and experience itself sometimes fails. We imagine that even after this solemn farce at Geneva, there will still be plenty of people to argue that the League of Nations is a step toward peace and internationalism, and that the United States should join its organization. As a matter of fact, however, the League is now dead beyond all hope of restoration. The only form of international organization which is really functioning, is that of the continuing alliance of the Great Powers; and these Powers are already so jealous one of another, that their co-operation to any single end is fast becoming impossible. The work for peace must be resumed from the beginning; the War has not helped the situation at all. On the contrary, as a war to end war, it has done nothing but delay indefinitely, and perhaps defeat for good and all, this consummation so much to be desired.

An interesting announcement comes to us from the Bethlehem Ship Building Corporation, Ltd., dated "Quincy, Mass., November 28, 1920." The statement gives notice "that the keels of the super-dreadnought, Massachusetts, will be laid soon after New Year's Day." It is then explained that the Massachusetts will be larger than any vessel in the United States Navy, having a length of 660 feet over all and a displacement of 43,200 tons. Soon after this ship has been started on the ways, the keel of the Lexington, a new battle cruiser, will be laid. This vessel will have a length over all of 880 feet and a displacement of 43,500 tons. Her engines of 180 h. p., yielding a speed of 35 knots, will produce enough energy to light a large city or to propel 100 cargo carriers of 7,000 dead weight tons capacity each. Full details of the enormous armament of these two vessels are carefully given. Other ships, including two unnamed scout cruisers, are promised during the coming year. These facts in themselves, we presume, are of little interest to our readers; but they should have enormous impressiveness for every citizen of a country which has not yet emerged from that somewhat famous war whch was "to end war"! *The Marine Journal* (December 4th) calls the new Massachusetts "a new peacemaker." This is what the Neanderthal man said, if we remember rightly, when he fashioned his wooden club and laid it carefully beside him in his smoky cave.

Not in many a blue moon have we seen anything half so funny as the recent decision of the Kansas

Industrial Court, requiring employers to take care of their employes in periods of business depression and consequent unemployment. This Court was established, it will be remembered, with the idea of taking disputes between capital and labor out of the realm of conflict, and placing them before judicial tribunals for settlement. It was hailed by conservatives everywhere as a move to make strikes illegal, and thus break the power of labor. The workers were as hostile to the Court, as their employers were friendly; only Governor Allen, author of the proposal, insisted that the new arrangement was impartial, and could be trusted to protect the rights of labor against all encroachment. Now comes this smashing decision imposing upon capital the duty of keeping labor at work, on a living wage, at all times, whether the market guarantees a profit or not. The lockout, in other words, or the factory "shut down" for any reason, is as illegal, because as much contrary to the public interest, as the strike! Here is a decision of momentous significance—and utterly unexpected! Labor is as nonplussed as capital, and a million times more delighted. Nay, there is no delight at all among our capitalist friends, for this assertion of the right of labor to have work, as a match to the right of capital to have workers, is an instance of "sauce for the gander" which is anything but welcome. It is downright "revolutionary," cries the New York *Sun,* which was one of the first journals to hail Governor Allen's Court with acclaim. "Even Sovietism in Russia," it continues, "has sense enough to know better than to try to keep workers in plants or industries where there is no work for them to do because there is no market for what they produce. . . . Are we to assume that Judge Huggins is prepared to go further than Russian Sovietism has dared to try to go?" This epoch-making decision will probably be appealed to higher courts, and may be reversed. Meanwhile, however, we have been taught that "two may play at this game," and that an industrial court, like an ordinary court, may be trusted on the whole to hold the balances even.

The unemployed are an inconsiderate lot. Here they are cumbering the earth, insisting upon starving and freezing, and refusing absolutely to do anything about it! Lloyd George, who is quite evidently disturbed about the situation in England, declares that, "despite the losses of the war, there are 1,000,000 more men and women to find employment for now than there were in 1914." Just imagine it! What were these men and women thinking about, not to get killed off in the war and thus relieve England of the nuisance of their presence! The war should have kept on another four years, and raised England's list of dead from one million to two million souls. Then this present outrageous surplus of labor would have been wiped out, and all would now be "as happy as happy can be"! As it is, these 1,000,000 unwanted people are above instead of under ground, and the only thing that Lloyd George can think of, to get rid of them, is *exile!* "The only relief," he says, "is through emigration to the colonies." This suggestion is a credit to the Premier's humanity, no doubt; but when such a crisis is pending, it would seem as though something more effective should be attempted. Why resort to such a slow and cumbersome process as emigration? Why not throw the unemployed into the English Channel? Why not gather them together in some convenient place, and bomb them from airplanes? Still better, why not send them to Ireland, to take the place of the million or more Irish who are in all probability to be massacred between now and Easter? Best of all, why not have another war? The draft act could be restricted to the unemployed, and two years' good hard fighting, with the latest gases and explosives, ought to kill off a million men without much difficulty. This would complete the job which was left unfinished by the Great War, and England's population would again be normal. It is to us a discouraging sign that the Prime Minister should be satisfied with exile, and not death, as a punishment for being out of work.

Non-resistance, we are told, is all right in theory, but impracticable as a hard, cold matter of fact. Force, and not moral suasion, must be our resort in moments of crisis. Of what avail, for example, would be the non-resistant method of action in protecting a woman from assault, or a Negro from a lynching? A suggestion at least of a favorable answer is given in a remarkable episode reported from Oregon. An assassin had killed the sheriff's brother, and a mob of enraged men, friends or acquaintances of the dead man and the sheriff, was beating against the jail to seize and lynch the murderer. Instead of appealing in this crisis to fire-arms, the sheriff stepped out before the angry crowd, and said, "Boys, Til would not want you to do this. If Til were alive, he would insist that law and order prevail. If you respect his memory, you will do as I ask you and go home." This appeal was successful. The men looked at each other, we are told, and finally said, "All right. We guess you are right. We'll go home." The circumstances in this case were obviously peculiar; the appeal was offered under favorable conditions. But the principle at work was nevertheless the same. What was done easily in this case, can be done, not so easily, perhaps, but still done, in other cases. A courageous heart, a clear mind, and unruffled calm are more potent than any gun to disarm and disperse a mob.

The worm turns at last! Rev. Willard L. Sperry sets forth "A Parish Minister's Declaration of Independence" in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and among other things, asserts that he will have nothing more to do with "drives." "Denominational officials," he says, "find it relatively easy to assess the parish so much and turn the job over to him (the minister) to complete." If this is religion, then the poor minister has been improperly educated. In the future, "there will be no need for men to go to theological schools. . . . (They) had much better take a couple of correspondence courses, one from the man with the magnetic index finger who can make him a persuasive speaker, the other from some brisk, up-to-the-minute school of salesmanship." But *is* this religion, or the function of the church and its ministers? Dr. Sperry cannot think so.

> Organizing teams, and appointing captains by their tens and hundreds, and fine-tooth-combing the parish once more, is not necessarily having a religious experience; and the parish minister is on the ragged edge of concluding that about the quickest way to undercut the whole support of the Church-at-Large is to let its programs and machinery get into the foreground and stay there. For men will not permanently, or even long, accept as a substitute for the public worship of God, a congregational committee meeting on a Sunday morning to discuss in detail the blue-print plans of the New Jerusalem.

Dr. Sperry's article is as wise as it is witty. Many a parish minister, turned unwillingly into a public salesman and advertising agent, will breathe easier after reading it. Is it not perhaps a sign that the day of the "drive," like the day of the "go-to-church" movement, is past?

The development of ritualistic tendencies in churches of the Congregational order is illustrated afresh by the announcement of the publication by the Congregational Union of England and Wales of a "Book of Congregational Worship." This book is an out-and-out Prayer Book. Its spirit, however, is catholic, as it includes prayers from Jewish, Armenian and Russian sources. Nevertheless, it marks a distinct reversion to an older era of religious practice, and one which would have been abhorrent to Congregationalists of an earlier generation. The advantage of such practice, of course, is the dignity, weight and beauty which it confers upon the public service of worship. On the other hand is the price which is paid in terms of freedom—the right of the soul to pour itself forth spontaneously in its own unhindered way. It will be interesting to see to what extent this "Book of Congregational Worship" will find favor among the ministers and people of nonconformist churches.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, the English poet, again reveals his genius in his new volume of poems, entitled "Neighbors." This book demonstrates a more finished art than any of Gibson's previous work. The author's mastery of the sonnet, "the acid test" of poetic workmanship, is exceedingly impressive, as witness such poems as "The Paisley Shawl," "Hands" and "Fire." There are war poems here also which recall those verses in "Battle and Other Poems" which caught and held our startled attention in 1916. But most significant is the continuance in this volume of that sensitive and touching sympathy with the joys and sorrows of common men, which has marked out Gibson from the beginning of his great career, as the laureate of the obscure and nameless poor. The same understanding of men's hearts, the same compassion for human frailty and ill, the same deep insight into the pity and irony of human destiny upon this earth, which made "Daily Bread" an unforgettable and immortal work, here in this latest volume appear again. Gibson is no titan, like Thomas Hardy; his is a more delicate and fragile genius. But in his own field he is a great poet; and more than any other singer of this day, a lover of his kind. We commend this book, "Neighbors," to all our readers. It will cleanse their souls; and open their hearts to wider spaces of goodwill and peace.

The Spectres of Reflection

If there be any truth in the dictum of Ecclesiastes that "much study is a weariness of the flesh," readers of post-war books by famous generals, admirals, statesmen and journalists have by this time had enough to weary not only the flesh but the mind as well. Yet the presses pour forth works without number, and it is a mystery who buy them and read them with understanding. Surely there has been enough published since Marshal French's "1 9 1 4" to cause a revolution among the war-patriots of Allied countries. There has indeed been scarcely a work of any significance coming from the pens of men "in the know" that has not in some measure flatly contradicted the official case against the Central Empires. Marshal French in the most cold-blooded manner revealed the fact that the British, French and Belgian military staffs together had been engaged in preparations against the Central Empires since January, 1906. Then came Lord Fisher's book of "Memories" in which he said quite bluntly that the war for which he and his colleagues had prepared since 1905 "would certainly occur in August, 1914." Every notion sedulously disseminated during the War by the Allied propagandists and publicity departments has been knocked cruelly on the head by British soldiers and sailors, and now there is scarcely a shred of evidence left to which the Allied war-patriot can cling. As for secret treaties and the whole rotten business of secret diplomacy, books without number have been published revealing a state of affairs dreadful to contemplate. The Franco-Russian treaty has disclosed the fact that

a general mobilization on the part of either signatory to the treaty was equivalent to a declaration of war. Furthermore, now that we have the figures of military expenditure for the ten years preceding the outbreak of the War, it is discovered that the three principal Allies jointly spent twice as much as the Central Empires. In the Rapport au Congrès de la Fédération de la Seine de la Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, 27 juin, 1920, it is stated, "Pendant les dix années qui l'ont précédée, la Russie, la France et l'Angleterre avaient inscrit à leurs budgets 46 milliards de dépenses militaires, tandis que les empires centraux n'en avaient inscrit que 23."

In the face of these facts one naturally asks who are the people that have bought these books of revelation and what effect have they had upon their minds, presuming of course they have read the books. There is little or no evidence anywhere that men and women are forthcoming in sackcloth and ashes saying, "We were misled." So it seems that the author of Ecclesiastes was right when he said much study was a weariness of the flesh; and that the years of study spent upon the preposterous vaporings issued from Allied publicity departments must have had an anæsthetical effect. Yet the result of the presidential election was so overwhelmingly against anything that had been done in connection with the so-called peace that one could not help thinking that it meant something more; that, regarding it in the light of the election of 1916 when the cry was "He kept us out of war," the people were thoroughly disgusted with the whole business.

Curiously enough, little has been said about individual statesmen who were in control of affairs in the summer of 1914. We have had books from Lord Loreburn, who was Lord Chancellor of Great Britain in the cabinet of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and who challenged the position of Sir Edward Grey as to the business of making the secret military and naval agreements with the French. Then we have had Lord Haldane's book called "Before the War," which completely shatters the notion that Great Britain was not prepared. But numerous as these works are, we have had nothing yet from Mr. Asquith, M. Vivinani, or the Belgian Foreign Minister, M. Davignon. Bethmann-Hollweg's account of the business is now being published in Great Britain. How weary our flesh will be by the time we get the statements from all the persons "in the know"! It has been said by a well known English publisher that we must make up our minds to be shocked by these persons for the next ten years at least. When Mr. Winston Churchill has time to write what he knows on the subject, and when Lloyd George gives us his memories, the world will have time to read little else.

Meanwhile we might consider a little book that has caused something of a sensation in Great Britain. It is called "The Mirrors of Downing Street," and the author signs himself "A gentleman with a duster." It is said that no book published in this generation has caused so much guessing as to the author's identity as this. That it is written by someone on the inside and "in the know" is obvious. Moreover, the author must be not only familiar but intimate with the thirteen persons he deals with. These thirteen pen portraits excel in interest anything Alfred Gardiner has done. There are three men of commerce: Lords Rhondda, Inverforth and Leverhulme; one admiral: Lord Fisher; one general: Lord Kitchener; one journalist, Lord Northcliffe; and seven statesmen: Asquith, Lloyd George, Balfour, Robert Cecil, Winston Churchill, Haldane and Carnock—better known as Sir Arthur Nicholson of the British Foreign Office, "the man who made the war," as the saying goes. It is a curious work, and on second reading one can understand the reason for the sensation it has caused in Great Britain. Somehow it lays things bare to the knuckle; it is scathing in every particular, revealing the worst and the best without acrimony or sentimentality. The author's method has unusual charm. He compels the reader to read through to the end, though he shocks him all the way. What could be done better than his treatment of Lloyd George when he quotes Landor? "Quickness is among the least of the mind's properties and belongs to her in almost her lowest state; nay, it does not abandon her when she is driven from her home, when she is wandering and insane. The mad often retain it; the liar has it; the cheat has it; we find it at the racecourse and at the card table; education does not give it, and reflection takes away from it."

Then contrasting Morley, Grey and Lloyd George, he says: "Lord Morley was almost breaking his heart with despair and to this day regards Britain's entrance into the war as a mistake. Sir Edward Grey was agonizing to avert war; but Lloyd George was among the first to see this war as the opportunity of a nobler civilization." The word opportunity in this sentence carries a world of meaning. Then the author goes on and says:

> "This was 1914. But soon after the great struggle had begun the note changed. Hatred of Germany and fear for our Allies' steadfastness occupied the foremost place in his mind. Victory was the objective, and his definition of victory was borrowed from the prize ring. A better world had to wait. He became more and more reckless. There was a time when his indignation against Lord Kitchener was almost uncontrollable. For Mr. Asquith he never entertained this violent feeling, but gradually lost patience with him, and only decided that he must go when procrastination appeared to jeopardize 'a knock-out blow.'"

Deftly the author handles his characters and no contemporary writer has shown as much power to make the great look small and the small sometimes to look great. Of Lloyd George he says:

> "Germany must pay for the war!—and he knew that by no possible means could Germany be made to pay that vast account without the gravest danger of unemployment here and Bolshevism in Central Europe! The Kaiser must be tried!—and he knew that the Kaiser never would be tried!"

Then again:

> "Millennium dipped below the horizon, and the child's riding-whip which Lord Northcliffe cracks when he is overtaken by a fit of Napoleonic indigestion assumed for the Prime Minister the proportions of the Damoclesian sword. . . . "

No one has so succeeded in putting the real Lloyd George before a reader. He says, "The truth is that Mr. Lloyd George has gradually lost in the world of political makeshift his original enthusiasm for righteousness." Only a man who was familiar with the British Premier's thirst for political righteousness, which carried him through the Boer War twenty years ago, could have drawn this portrait of an exceedingly ignorant person blessed and cursed with many natural abilities of an astounding character. "M. Clemenceau exclaimed of him, lifting up amazed hands, 'I have never met so ignorant a man as Lloyd George!' A greater wit said of him, 'I believe Mr. George *can* read, but I am perfectly certain he never does.' ". And then in closing the author says, "If only he could rise from that destroying chair, if only he could fling off his vulgar friendships, if only he could trust himself to his vision, if only he could believe once again passionately in truth, and justice, and goodness, and the soul of the British people!" Yes, if that were possible!

All the portraits in this book are excellent and each one deserves some special mention, but it is impossible in an article of this kind to do more than bring to the notice of the reader a few of the characters and some of the salient features of their portraits. A passage from the chapter on Lord Fisher as to the way the British fleet was mobilized in July, 1914, corroborates the now well-known story of Churchill's issuing orders without consent of the cabinet. We are told a telegram from Winston Churchill was sent to Lord Fisher urgently requesting an interview. The First Lord and Admiral met.

> "He (Lord Fisher) told Mr. Churchill that he must do three things, and do them all by telegrams before he left that room: he must mobilize the Fleet, he must buy the Dreadnoughts building for Turkey, and he must appoint Admiral Jellicoe Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet. To do either of the first two was a serious breach of cabinet discipline; to do the last was to offend a string of admirals senior to Admiral Jellicoe. Mr. Churchill hesitated. Lord Fisher insisted. 'What does it matter,' he said, 'whom you offend?' The fate of England depends on you. Does it matter if they shot you, or hang you, or send you to the Tower, so long as England is saved?' And Mr. Churchill did as he was bidden—the greatest act in his life, and perhaps one of the most courageous acts in the history of statesmanship. Lord Fisher said afterwards, 'You may not like Winston, but he has got the heart of a lion.'
>
> "Thus was England saved, and Germany doomed. Before war was declared, the British Fleet held the seas, and in command of that fleet was the quickest working brain in the navy."

The fall of Mr. Asquith in November, 1916, was received by his intimates and his political opponents as a fateful moment for the British Empire. It seemed to so many people that Mr. Asquith had for some time been riding for a fall, that he was sick and tired of the attacks in the press, cabinet quarrels, dissension at the war office, and the general mess and muddle of the war makers. There is something of a mystery in how Asquith was able to weather the storm in August, 1914, and utterly unable to cope with the Northcliffe-Lloyd George plot in November, 1916. The author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street" has this to say about him:

> "One must trespass upon the jealously guarded private life to discover the true cause of his bewildering collapse. Mr. Asquith surrendered some years ago the rigid Puritanism of early years to a domestic circle which was fatal to the sources of his original power. Anyone who compares the photographs of Mr. Asquith before and after the dawn of the twentieth century may see what I mean. In the earlier photographs his face is keen, alert, powerful, austere; you will read in it the rigidity of his Non-conformist upbringing, the seriousness of his Puritan inheritance, all the moral earnestness of a nobly ambitious character. In the later photographs one is struck by an increasing expression of festivity, not by any means that beautiful radiance of the human spirit which in another man was said to make his face at the age of seventy-two 'a thanksgiving for his former life and a love letter to all mankind,' but rather the expression of a mental chuckle, as though he had suddenly seen something to laugh at in the very character of the universe. The face has plumped and reddened, the light-colored eye has acquired a twinkle, the firm mouth has relaxed into a sportive smile. You can imagine him now capping a 'mot' or laughing deeply at a daring jest; but you cannot imagine him with

profound and reverent anxiety striving like a giant to make right reason and the will of God prevail. . . .

"Mr. Asquith, both by inheritance and temperament, was designed for a strenous life, a strenuous moral life. He was never intended for anything in the nature of a flâneur. If he had followed his star, if he had rigorously pursued the path marked out for him by tradition and his own earliest propensities, he might have been an unpleasant person for a young ladies' tea party and an unsympathetic person to a gathering of decadent artists, he might indeed have become as heavy as Cromwell and as inhuman as Milton; but he would never have fallen from Olympus with the lightness of thistle-down."

No one who knows Mr. Asquith will quarrel with this description of the man. Indeed he has diagnosed the case quite accurately, and the note of regret which is sounded when he refers to the loss of Mr. Asquith's moral power will find an echo in many a mind in England.

The essay on Lord Northcliffe is extraordinarily good, and here he adds a delicious sense of humor to a portrait which has only too often been drawn wholly from the sinister side. It is, however, in the portrait of Arthur Balfour that his great perspicacity is shown. No one has done Balfour quite so well. He quotes George Wyndham, who said: "The truth about Arthur Balfour is this: he knows there's been one ice-age, and he thinks there's going to be another." What better description of the man than this:

"To the self-absorbed, vision is impossible. Mr. Balfour, unable to penetrate the future, has lived from day to day, enjoying the game of politics for the fun of confounding critics and managing colleagues, enjoying too the privilege and dignity of power, but never once feeling the call of the future, or experiencing one genuine desire to leave the world better than he found it. And now he ends his political career clinging to a decorative office under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George."

Kitchener among the politicians is one of the saddest things of the whole war. The way they plagued him to death is enough to make a pacifist weep. Kitchener was straight though he might have been unequal to his task, and in his portrait one cannot help feeling that he was a nobleman among a lot of little people. "Kitchener was faithful to his destiny. And he was something more than faithful, for he sanctified this loyalty to his own character by a devotion to his country which was pure and incorruptible."

The author in his portrait of Lord Haldane reveals for the first time the true character of the man. It may be remembered that Lord Haldane was Minister of War in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's cabinet in 1906 and that he reorganized the territorial forces and made the expeditionary force as fine a machine for its size as that of any European power; and it was Lord Haldane who took time by the forelock and mobilized his own machine for war in July. Lord Haig has said that Haldane was the greatest Secretary of State for War that England ever had. Lord French has said: "He got nothing but calumny and abuse; but the reward to such a man does not come in the ordinary way. I had proved the value of his great work and that is all the reward he ever wanted." It is just as well that the true story should be told of how Lord Haldane was accused of pro-Germanism and how he for years sat silent under a storm of inane criticism. There was a frenzied publicist, a magazine editor of the lunatic fervor of an "utterly untrained and intemperate mind" that brought about the disgraceful attack upon the organizer and mobilizer of Britain's expeditionary force. Lord Morley has charged Lord Haldane with being responsible for the war. Well, no one man was responsible for the war, but it must be said that Lord Haldane was the man whose expeditionary force certainly saved Paris from the German army. Whether that be true or not, the author of this book says, "It is now acknowledged in all circles outside of Bedlam that Lord Haldane prepared a perfect instrument of war which, shot like an arrow from its bow, saved the world from a German victory, and among intellectual soldiers it is generally held that if France and Russia had been as well prepared to fulfill their engagements as we were to fulfill ours the war would have ended in an almost immediate victory for the Allies."

It is to be hoped that this amazing little book will find its way to America and that it will be read earnestly by those people who have not completely suffered total weariness of the flesh. There are many illuminating passages in it, and it has from the first page to the last the ring of earnestness and sincerity. It is not the work of a pacifist nor a pro-German. It is written by one who believes in Mr. Asquith's first statements as to the necessity of Britain's supporting France and Belgium, but apart from the information that it gives as to the preparations for war and the conduct of the war the portraits of the men who were engaged in bringing it to a close are of exceeding value to a people who little appreciate the characteristics and sensibilities of men connected with the British Government.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

Think not the faith by which the just shall live
Is a dead creed, a map correct of Heaven,
Far less feeling, fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift, withdrawn as soon as given;
It is an affirmation and an act
That bids eternal truth be present fact.

—Hartley Coleridge.

THE PULPIT

What God Means to Me

By John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Community Church

TEXT: *"Canst thou by searching find out God?"*—Job 11:7.

"Seek God, if haply (ye may) find Him . . . for in Him we live and move and have our being."—*Acts* 17:27, 28.

I am to preach to you this morning on a subject which I have frequently discussed in this pulpit, namely, the problem of the being of God, or more particularly, the personal question of What God means to me. I am persuaded to the discussion of this topic by the confusion which is existing today in the minds of many people about the idea of God, a confusion which is somewhat different in our time, I think, from what it has ever been before. Men have usually been confused about the problem of God in the past by reason of the fact that they have found themselves living in an era of transition, when one theistic idea is going and another coming. They stand as those who see the sun disappearing on the western horizon, but see also the rising of new light—at first the stars shining through unbroken darkness, and then the growing effulgence of the new day. In such a period, men find themselves in the situation of Socrates when he was assailed by his fellow-citizens on the charge of atheism. Speaking in his defense at his trial, he confessed that to him the Athenian gods were dead. "Nevertheless," he said, "I believe in God; but my belief is beyond the understanding of my accusers."

Somewhat different today are the minds of those who are struggling sincerely with the problem of God and his place in the lives of men. We feel, many of us, that the God whom our fathers worshipped has disappeared for ever, but we look in vain for the coming of that new and greater deity to whom we can give the adoration and service of our lives. "The half gods," to quote the lines of Emerson, are gone, but "the gods" are not arriving. Or shall we say, if these true "gods" are arriving, we seem not, in this materialistic age, to have eyes to see them or hearts to understand them. Like Socrates, we no longer believe in the ruling powers of that religious era which is even now fading from our gaze. But unlike Socrates, if we have any belief in God at all, we hold a belief which is beyond the comprehension not only of our fellow-beings, but of ourselves as well. It is not so much, perhaps, that we do not believe in God as that we do not really understand the new belief which is rising unconsciously within us. It is this at least which I want to suggest to you this morning. I am convinced that there are few of us who at the bottom of our hearts do not believe in God; but on the other hand, I am forced to recognize that there are many of us who are oblivious of what is really the spiritual life within us. And it is to help us to see what we ought to see, as the deepest and truest part of our essential being, that I am venturing to open up this problem at this time. If I speak in somewhat personal phrase, it is because I know of no way, in intimate matters of this kind, to make my thought clear, except in the form of personal confession.

I take it for granted that I need not spend much time this morning in setting forth that idea of God which is disappearing from our lives. The "half god" of our time is the familiar God of Christian theology and worship. Although he is described as infinite, this deity is usually conceived of as located at some far distant but very definite point of space, away off on the rim of the universe, which we poetically describe as Heaven. Although he is accepted as an eternal being, he is usually looked for in the dim ages of the past, rather than in the living present or the anticipated future, as essentially the Being before all being, and therefore the source of all reality. Although regarded necessarily as "spirit," this God of the Christian creeds and rituals is represented as having hands and feet and eyes, and his actions are portrayed in scenes that run all the way from walking in the Garden of Eden "in the cool of the day" to speaking as a "still small voice" within the soul. The character of this God is various. On the one hand, when we think of origins, he is worshipped as "the creator." On the other hand, when our thought is of the unchanging order of the universe, we conceive of him as "a king," whose will is that law which governs and controls the processes of nature. Still again, when we turn to the problem of our individual lives and of their relationship to the universe, we think of God as "a father" whose love is freely bestowed upon all mankind. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." So definite is the idea of this Christian deity, that he has come to take on a certain distinct pictorial form in our imagination. We do not attempt to represent him in sculpture or painting in our churches, as the ancients undertake to represent Zeus or Jupiter; and yet there have been times when God has been pictured as though he were a personality to be seen and met. Thus, in many of the great canvases of the Renaissance, we find God portrayed as an aged man of ineffable dignity and power, a kind of medieval Jehovah. Still more remarkable is the attempt of our great American painter, John S. Sargent, to portray God in living colors upon the canvas. I know of nothing more strange in modern art than the familiar fresco of the Holy Trinity in the Sargent gallery of the Boston Public Library. Here in the center, upon a throne, sits the dark and forbidding figure of an aged king, and here at his left hand and at his right sit two other figures of similar appearance, the one depicting God the Son and the other God the Holy Ghost. It is somewhat startling, to say the least, to find God thus presented like some familiar figure of ancient history; and yet no one can look upon these pictures without realizing that here is the God with which Christian theology has been dealing from the beginning.

Now about this idea or presentation of God, there are two things to be said! In the first place, this God does not exist today, just as he has never existed at any time in the past. This central figure of Christian theology is just as much a mythological figure as Jehovah upon Sinai or Zeus upon Olympus. He is the Santa Claus of Christianity—a deity for the childhood of the race, but "put away" as one of the "childish things" when we grow to manhood. What we have to recognize is, that there is a Christian mythology which is just as definite and unreal as any of the mythologies of ancient times. Just as the Greeks had their Pantheon, their stories of gods and goddesses and men, their pictures of cosmic

origins and destinies, so also we moderns have had a mythology, constructed partly of the ancient materials of Jewish legend, and partly of the fresh imaginings of early Christian experience. The creation, the Virgin birth, the resurrection, the atonement, heaven and hell, the Trinity—all these are but the elements of the most impressive, and on the whole, exalted, mythology which has ever been conceived by the minds of men. But it is mythology all the same, and therefore to be regarded not in any sense as a part of true religion, but only as a portion of that deposit of racial experience which reveals something of the nature of man's soul. The Christian God has played a great part in the nineteen hundred years of Christian history; but he must now take his place amid that great array of mythical deities which mark at intervals the high tide of man's spiritual imagination. To us, as to other men, has come that dark and tragic moment well called "the dusk of the gods."

But there is a second and more important thing to be said about this God of Christian theology. Behind him, as behind all of the deities of the mighty past, there stands a genuine and unescapable reality. The gods, Christian and pagan, are something more than vain figments of the imagination. They represent, if not their own personalities as conceived by artists and defined by theologians, at least some "center and soul" of being, which stands today, as through all the ages gone, as the foundation of man's life. To deny this reality, of which these many gods are but the sign and symbol, would be as foolish a thing as to deny the significance which is to be found in the picture-writings of primitive man. Here on the surface of cliffs and caves, where men lived in the savage days of unnumbered centuries ago, we see the rude lines and scratches which tell of the attempts of these early ancestors of ours to speak something of what they were beginning to see and feel. To pass these picture-writings by, as merely meaningless scrawls of heedless fingers, would be to shut out from our minds the precious revelation of what man was, in and through himself, in those far distant days. So with the gods who move as the heroic figures of the mythologies of the past and present. These deities are the picture-writings of man's soul. Behind them is the story of man's inward life and his struggle with the universe into which he has been born. It is our business not to ignore them or denounce them, but to accept them with reverence, and to study them for the secrets of the spirit which they conceal. Themselves unreal, as all language is unreal, they represent reality to the mind that is wise enough to see and learn.

Let me illustrate what I mean by this idea of real existence behind the picture-writing of mythology, by the use of parable.

In recent weeks there has been conducted in this country a great campaign for membership in the Red Cross. In furtherance of this campaign, a famous placard, entitled "The Greatest Mother in the World," has been distributed through the length and breadth of the land. This "Greatest Mother" is represented by the figure of a beautiful woman, clothed in the Red Cross garb, sheltering an aged man and woman with her right hand, and holding in her left a crippled boy. This woman is a super-woman not merely in beauty but in physical stature, for she stands at least three times as high as the human beings to whom she is giving shelter and comfort. That no such woman exists in the world is of course obvious. I presume it would be difficult to find anybody so ignorant and superstitious today as to accept "The Greatest Mother in the World," as a real personality. And yet, does she not symbolize a spirit in this world more real than any that lives within your heart or mine? If you doubt the existence of this "Greatest Mother," go to the wasted and far-off spaces of the earth where men this day are languishing from starvation and disease; walk in the wake of war, where fire and sword have worked their most dreadful havoc; betake yourselves to the places where hurricanes have swept the earth or earthquakes shaken down the homes of men! There in a work of ministration which constitutes one of the miracles of modern times, you will find this "Greatest Mother," not in any single gigantic super-form, but in the consecrated lives and dedicated resources of millions of men and women throughout the world. The Red Cross mother exists because the compassion of the human heart exists. As presented on the placard, she is a myth; but as found in works of mercy throughout the world, she is a mother as real as, and infinitely greater than, any that sits in the home or by the hearth.

Another illustration is that of Liberty, as portrayed in the legends and histories of nations. Here at the entrance of our own harbor there stands a Goddess of Liberty, with crowned head and uplifted torch, to teach men of the ideal which burns within this nation's life. Even the children in the kindergarten classes of our schools know that this Goddess of Liberty is a mythical figure. The very fact that we call her a "goddess" is our confession of her unreality. And yet, is there anything in all the world more real than that for which this familiar figure stands? Think of Liberty as she has been incarnated in the souls of Greeks, and Switzers, and Americans, and French, and Italians! Behold what Liberty is doing in the world today in Russia and India and Ireland! See Liberty but the other day in Brixton prison as she broke the shackles that bound Terence MacSwiney to this earth and led forth his soul, a delivered spirit, from the jail in which men had thought to bind it. The Goddess of Liberty unreal? She has been more real than a thousand kings, more potent than swords and bolts, gibbets and crosses, more vital than the soul of any single man!

A most interesting illustration of what I am now striving to set forth is presented in Wells's new book, "The Outline of History." In the second volume is a full-page picture entitled, "Tribal Deities of the Nineteenth Century." These are the gods, says Wells, for whom men today are willing to die. As we look at the picture we discover, to our vast amazement, that these gods are none other than the familiar symbolical figures which the cartoonists use to represent the nations of our time. Here is John Bull, Britannia, Germania, France, and, most appealing figure of them all, Kathleen li Houlihan. Our first impulse, as we look upon this array of figures, is to think of how ridiculous the whole thing is. These deities real? These the things for which men in our time gladly die? Why these are nothing but pictorial material for the cartoonist's brush, the paraphernalia of the portrait mythology of these modern days! But is not Wells right, all the same, when he thus presents these figures as the dominant influences of our day? There is no John Bull to be met with in England; Germania, Britannia, and Kathleen li Houlihan have no real per-

sonal existence. Not in all the millions who live in any one of these countries is to be found a single person who bears even a casual resemblance to these national figures. And yet they are real, as nothing in all of England, Germany and France is real. These figures stand for nationalism; they represent, in pictorial form, the passion of patriotism within the human heart. It has been said by students of psychology that the dominant passion in the soul is the passion of man for woman and of woman for man. But here is a passion, in love of country, which transcends this sexual passion, as the heavens transcend the earth. Think of what happened in Europe when the Great War burst upon the world in 1914! Millions of men, as in England, rushed voluntarily to the front. They left behind their women, those whom they loved best, that they might surrender themselves utterly to the mastery of Britannia, or Germania, or France. If we are looking for reality, we can find it nowhere so surely as in these spiritual existences, invisible and intangible, which men haltingly set forth in the symbolical figures of their national and religous mythologies. It is here that the absolutist is right when he contends that it is not what we see with our eyes, but feel with our hearts, that constitutes the only reality in the world.

Now, it is this fact of the reality behind the symbol which I would impress very definitely upon your minds as the basis of our discussion this morning. Here is the essential thing in this problem of the Christian God who seems disappearing from our lives. We agree that he does not exist as represented in word and picture; we must also agree that he stands for something that exists so truly that real knowledge and life may be said to have no existence apart from him. The thing to note is that we have been led astray by these attempts to present God in some sort of visual image, so that we could see and comprehend him. The very endeavor of man to make God clear to the mind by presenting him in pictorial form, has enslaved us to the form, so that when our minds have demanded emancipation, they have broken free by denying not merely this particular representation of God, but the whole idea of God himself! We have made ourselves atheists as the result of our struggle to get rid of mythologies. How much better if men had undertaken to follow after God and find him not in any personal humanized form, but in those spiritual things that we know him in our heart of hearts to be. It is this idea which Jesus surely had in mind when he compared the spirit not only of man, but of God, to the wind "which bloweth where it listeth, and thou knowest the sound thereof, but canst not know whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."

Suppose I should come to some true artist and ask him to paint me a picture of the wind. If he were an inferior artist, he would paint me some lovely maiden, standing lightly upon some mountain-top, lifting herself toward heaven, and leaning out to throw herself upon the wings of air. This would be beautiful and inspiring, but a mere suggestion, after all, of what the wind may be. If my artist, however, were a great painter, I can conceive that he might answer my demand that he paint for me the wind, by bringing me a picture, let us say, of a row of trees along some open highway. I would look upon the canvas and see no wind, but my eyes would be caught by those trees all bending toward the left, and with every little leaf straining taut upon its bough. And as I would look upon those swaying trees, and then little by little begin to feel the life within them, I would see that here indeed was the wind—incarnate, so to speak, in the trees through which it blows and makes its being manifest. Or this painter might give me a picture of the sea, with foam-crested waves racing from horizon to horizon, and some great sailing ship with her masts bending toward the deep. Here again, if I had no imagination, I would look in vain for the wind, for no wind is to be seen; but in these waves, and this flying foam, and these straining masts of a speeding ship, would be manifest to my mind's eye the power of the gale. It is thus with God! He is by his very nature invisible. To represent him in symbolical form is to represent beauty and power and majesty; but never *Him.* If he is to be seen at all, it is in the world of nature and in the lives of men, *in the spiritual effects which he produces.* To get rid of our pictures and our creeds, to cast aside our mythology, is not to lose God, unless indeed we be wholly foolish. If we be wise, we shall note in the end that we have found God for the first time in our lives. This indeed is He, the real existence which is in and through all existences. The Something is there, of which the symbols and pictures can but give the feeblest and most inaccurate suggestion.

But what is this Something? If it is not what is written in the creeds or depicted on the canvases, what may it be said to be? How shall we handle it, or describe it, or present it? This is the essential question before us when we ask what we mean by God. It is very particularly my question this morning, as I inquire, What God means to me? For it is useless, so far as all practical purposes are concerned, to talk about anything as real, which cannot be understood and used. God is no God, unless he is a God who helps and leads, satisfies and strengthens, pities and restores. Something of this kind must be here, if God is to live for us as at once the foundation and pinnacle of our existence. This brings us to the very heart of our problem. Words are feeble, but they are the only instrument we have, and we must use them as best we can to set forth our idea as to what God is.

Let me begin, in the most general way in the world, by saying simply that God is spirit. St. Paul summed up the essence of the proposition, however vaguely, when he said that God is he "in whom we live and move and have our being." H. G. Wells has translated this sublime utterance of the Christian apostle into the popular language of our own day, when he says, "God is a spirit, a single spirit, and a single person. . . . He is the immortal part and leader of mankind. He has motives, he has characteristics, he has an aim. . . . With our eyes he looks out upon the universe he invades; with our hands he lays hold upon it. All our truth, all our intentions and achievements, he gathers to himself. He is the undying human memory, the increasing human will."

All this, perhaps, does not mean much except as a mere generalization. Indeed, it may mean to many of you not God at all, but something much less than God. For what is this, you say, but humanity? What more have you said here than that God is the collective spirit of mankind? If God is only humanity writ large, why use the name at all? Why not free ourselves utterly from what we call religion and become consistent and thoroughgoing humanists?

(*Continued.*)

CONTRIBUTED

The First Law of Nature

Cowardice is the first law of nature. This is not a denial of the doctrine that the first law of nature is self-preservation; it is a re-statement of that truth. For the ways of self-preservation are the ways of cowardice, and in the battle for existence that creature is most successful who is the most skillful coward. To the bold are death and destruction; to the craven are safety and prolonged life. And in the natural world few creatures are courageous unless courage is either safe or compulsory. In forest and prairie, in the air and in the ocean, cowardice is king and master, and fangs and claws, beaks and talons are the scepters with which he rules, while fleet legs are the servants that do him perpetual honor. The most ferocious beast worships him as a god, and finds life possible only so long as that god is obeyed.

It is the rule of the wilderness that the strong should attack the weak. The wolf will slay the lamb, the eagle will pounce upon the rabbit, the lion will slaughter the gazelle. But where is the wolf that will encounter an eagle, or the eagle that will assail a lion? Strong and redoubtable as these creatures are, they will undertake no adventures that are not safe. The tiger that springs upon a deer is undergoing no risk—great and powerful as he is, he is supremely cowardly, as cowardly as the boy that bullies a schoolmate six years his junior. And it is because the tiger is cowardly that he is successful. If he were to select for prey the cobra, instead of the deer, he would be far more brave, but biologically vastly inferior. Being courageous, he would be unfit, and would perish in the struggle.

True, the tiger may at times attack the elephant, a much larger animal, but he does so only because he realizes that he acts with safety; that his agility, his fangs and his claws are more than a match for the size of his adversary. For size is not necessarily power, and in the jungle, as elsewhere, power is the important factor—no animal will assail another which he cannot overcome. The weasel may attack the rabbit, a larger creature, but that is because the rabbit is powerless against the weasel's teeth. And realizing his foe to be powerless, the weasel may slaughter rabbits indiscriminately, for the mere glory of slaying—cowardice on a wholesale scale! For the weasel would not slay if the victim were not defenseless, and if to act the aggressor were not safe.

Among the heritages which mankind has received from the jungle is that of cowardice. And the growth of our civilization may be measured by the extent to which primitive cowardice has been modified. In two ways it has been altered; in one direction it has been heightened and intensified, and in that direction civilization has fallen beneath the level of the wilderness; in other directions it has been limited or counteracted by more generous forces, and in those directions we may trace the advance of mankind. In the respects in which civilization has intensified cowardice, it has done so because of its very efficiency and refinement. Unlike the weasel, a human hunter is not dependent upon his natural power to slaughter the helpless; he may utilize the traps and the gunpowder which civilization has bequeathed to him, and through their aid may massacre wantonly the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, who have nothing but fleet legs and swift wings to defend them. And, in a less obvious but no less cruel way, man takes advantage of his natural cowardice to persecute his own kind. Safe behind the armor of the law, men inflict unlimited suffering upon their helpless fellows; they bully them with the club of wealth; they intimidate them with the club of position, and force the weak, because of their own cowardice, to cringe and worship and pay tribute. Many of the difficulties between capital and labor may be due to the fact that each side tries to take cowardly advantage of its own peculiar strength in order to crush a weaker adversary.

In a still broader sense, man's collective cowardice finds development in international relations. In particular, in warfare, generally regarded as the chief breeding ground of heroism, the spirit of the jungle rules with a fury it never attained in the wilderness. By this I do not intend reference to individual examples of looting, murder and rapine, hideous and cowardly though they may be, but to the collective spirit which induces a nation to take up arms. In most cases this spirit is that of cowardice undiluted; the nation fights only because it is convinced it can overwhelm its foe, and if it did not expect to be victorious, it would favor pacifism. The same principle applies whether it be the hosts of Xerxes that swarm toward Greece, the legions of Cæsar that overrun Gaul, or the troops of a modern Kaiser that occupy Belgium. In each of these cases a great nation makes a cowardly attempt to seize a weaker, or one which it believes to be weaker, and in each case the spirit of the wolf, the vulture and the panther rules unrestrained. And these examples are typical of all history.

But if cowardice has marked the course of the greatest evils afflicting mankind, the suppression of cowardice has accompanied whatever advances we have made above the beasts. In so far as we have developed a moral sense, made a distinction between right and wrong, and refrained from criminal actions, we have conquered our native cowardice. For in the forest indiscriminate theft and murder are the rule only because murder and theft are generally safe; when they cease to be safe, they cease to be committed; the crimes are therefore those of cowardice. In human society, it must be admitted, cowardice also serves to prevent crime, since fear of the penalty is a great restraining force; the theory of the law, in fact, is that men are so cowardly that their strongest impulses can be restrained by dread of the outcome—yet certainly it is true that most men refrain from crime not because they anticipate detection, but because they feel crime to be wrong, and therefore have conquered their cowardice to the extent of avoiding actions they might commit with impunity or even with profit.

It will accordingly be apparent why, as I have indicated, civilization has developed to the extent that cowardice has retreated. It takes courage to suppress one's natural impulses, courage to act even partially without thought of self, courage to make any change, any advance. Moral bravery, a force far more potent than physical, has been the motive power of progress. Unfortunately, moral courage is relatively rare; unfortunately, courage of any kind is rare, and cowardice still is dominant. For the heritage of the jungle will not be shaken off; our

instincts are those of cowardice; the master voice of self-preservation forbids us to be brave, and the kindred voice of instinctive self-interest likewise cries out against moral courage.

In short, to be cowardly is natural; to be brave, abnormal. Sometimes courage today arises from altruism—that has no place in the jungle; sometimes it is born of pride—that also is absent in the jungle; sometimes it is due to ignorance of the consequences—that is to be found everywhere, but is hardly true bravery. In most cases courage is an artificial development, and that man who is courageous is revolting against nature. For this reason the cowardly man is not to be seriously condemned. He is not a freak or a monster; from the biological point of view, he is acting admirably, with a view to the preservation of himself and his kind. If anything, it is the brave man who is acting monstrously, for he who is brave endangers what is, biologically speaking, the one sacred thing—his own life, and that of his offspring.

Yet human development has been measured not by the extent to which we have followed nature, but by the extent to which we have escaped from it. And it is for that reason that cowardice is to be deprecated, and courage to be stimulated. Necessarily, we can expect but few brave or heroic men, since they are the abnormal thing; yet to those few who do defy the laws of the jungle we must look for our future progress, and for the further widening of the gap between man and beast.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

SELECTED

The Doctrine of the Sword

[*The following article on the pros and cons of violence, as it relates to the Non-Co-operation Movement in India today, appeared in a recent number of "Young India," Mr. Gandhi's weekly newspaper. In it the author has endeavored to point out the foundations of the boycott movement which is so prevalent in India now.*—THE EDITORS.]

I am not pleading for India to practice non-violence because it is weak. I want her to practice non-violence being conscious of her strength and power. No training in arms is required for realization of her strength. We seem to need it because we seem to think that we are but a lump of flesh. I want India to recognize that she has a soul that cannot perish and that can rise triumphant above every physical weakness and defy the physical combination of a whole world. I do not wait till India recognizes the practicability of the spiritual life in the political world. India considers herself to be powerless and paralyzed before the machine guns, the tanks and the aeroplanes of the English. And she takes up non-co-operation out of her weakness. It must still serve the same purpose, namely, bring her delivery from the crushing weight of British injustice if a sufficient number of people practice it. It will not fail through its inherent weakness. It may fail because of poverty of response. Then will be the time for real danger. The high-souled men, who are unable to suffer national humiliation any longer, will want to vent their wrath. They will take to violence. So far as I know, they must perish without delivering themselves or their country from the wrong. If India takes up the doctrine of the sword, she may gain momentary victory. Then India will cease to be the pride of my heart. I am wedded to India because I owe my all to her. I believe absolutely that she has a mission for the world. She is not to copy Europe blindly. India's acceptance of the doctrine of the sword will be the hour of my trial. I hope I shall not be found wanting. My religion has no geographical limits. If I have a living faith in it, it will transcend my love for India herself. My life is dedicated to service of India through the religion of non-violence which I believe to be the root of Hinduism.

Non-violence in its dynamic condition means conscious suffering. It does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer, but it means the putting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. Working under this law of our being, it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire to save his honour, his religion, his soul and lay the foundation for that empire's fall or its regeneration.

I appreciate the sentiment of those who cry out for the punishment of General Dyer and his ilk. They would tear him to pieces if they could. But I do not believe India to be helpless. I do not believe myself to be a helpless creature. Only I want to use India's and my strength for a better purpose.

We in India may in a moment realize that one hundred thousand Englishmen need not frighten three hundred million human beings. A definite forgiveness would therefore mean a definite recognition of our strength. With enlightened forgiveness must come a mighty wave of strength in us, which would make it impossible for a Dyer to heap affront upon India's devoted head. India can gain more by waiving the right of punishment. We have better work to do, a better mission to deliver to the world.

The religion of non-violence is not meant merely for the Saints. It is meant for the common people as well. Non-violence is the law of our species as violence is the law of the brute. The spirit lies dormant in the brute and he knows no law but that of physical might. The dignity of man requires obedience to a higher law—to the strength of the spirit.

I have therefore ventured to place before India the ancient law of self-sacrifice. For Satyagrah and its offshoots, non-co-operation and civil resistance are nothing but names for the law of suffering.

REST.

Wind across the ocean,
I must sleep.
I will lie here in the grass;
You can soothe me as you pass,
Wind from off the deep.
Will you cool my burning brow,
Stay my hands and teach them how
To take delight in rest?
Stop my feet
And still my thoughts
From a feverish quest?
Wind of ocean,
Help me rest!
Soothe me, help me face anew
The touchy world
And be my best.

"A Whisper of Fire." —*Agnes Ryan.*

THE STUDY TABLE

The Moral Issue in Germany

MY FIGHT AGAINST MILITARISM AND NATIONALISM IN GERMANY; VIEWS ON SELF-STUDY AND RECONSTRUCTION IN GERMANY by Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster.

While future historians will lament the decline of German patriotism since the Wars of Liberation, particularly since the Franco-Prussian War, when it has passed through gradual degenerations via Bismarck and Treitschke to the howling Ludendorff fanatics and modern racial jingoes, they will remember with gratitude the few men who in the midst of the frightful slump have remained true to the genius of the German people. Among these few, F. W. Foerster is one of the best. He seeks to solve the German problem in keeping with the principles set up by the leading Germans from Lessing to Humboldt, even though he well knows that in the eyes of profit-patriots the mere mention of the once boasted German idealism appears as treason. He thinks the German problem one of morals, and gives it a somewhat religious formulation, but it is no longer possible for a man with such views to live and be an influence in Germany. The terrors which I prophesied two years ago are approaching realization: "It will not be long till they have driven the last real German out of the Fatherland."

Now, Foerster's idealism is not mere hazy phraseology; he sees moral issues as live and real issues.

Holding that the Central States, situated in the heart of Europe, were geographically predestined to be the battleground of foreign armies, in the period of brutal combat, but today, in the period of world commerce, to become the mediator in the coming process of European amalgamation, he realizes that the Central Powers must either assume this logical duty or fail to have any important function in the new world. It is his hope that Germany may regain its justly lost leadership by inaugurating a new era of international brotherhood, seeing that the times imperiously demand the overcoming of narrow national egoism, which, though morally and socially not easily to be replaced as an educational force, is after all only a species of separatism.

This traditional ideal, the oldest and most typical of German ideals, is combatted today by most Germans with supercilious mien and bitter denunciation. But may history be more charitable than Jehovah of old and spare the present Sodom and Gomorrah of North-German selfishness for the sake of a Lot like Foerster and his small circle of spiritual kinsmen, until the youth of Germany again recognize that here alone lie the possibilities of a better future.

Foerster says that the necessary preliminary condition of any conceivable improvement of the fate of the Fatherland is an inward transformation, and the *Katharsis* (the confession of past guilt) is the point open upon which all development hinges. Not from fear of reprisals nor from bargaining with the victor, not for the sake of better living conditions nor for any other outward good, should Germany confess her guilt, but for her own sake, to save her soul from the old powers of darkness and prepare for her new task in the realm of light.

Foerster is less concerned with the documentary proofs of chief responsibility for the bringing on of this particular war, than wth the question whether in recent decades the German spirit in politics has corresponded to the classical German conception of humanity, or whether in blind egoism and myopic greed it has helped to poison the growing federation of Europe with an atmosphere of hate.

From this point of view he surveys pre-war international relations and Germany's conduct during and since the war, arriving at the conclusion that only by exhibiting once more her old love for things foreign can Germany open the way for a peaceful solution of the war-breeding conflicts of world interests. The judicial proceedings of the League of Nations cannot settle them, neither can utilitarian considerations. Only when Germany turns to her once traditional gift for interest in and service to things foreign will relief be found from the tremendous tensions of aroused self-consciousness and passion, and a beginning be made toward the removal of universal mistrust.

After all, politics is above everything else the art of winning confidence; all other so-called political activity is an ephemeral game wholly devoid of greatness and of any genuine sense of reality.

Foerster's book is a most courageous attempt to defend classic German culture against the contemptible political mudslinging of the hour.

PROF. G. F. NICOLAI.

Translated and condensed by Dr. William A. Cooper, Stanford University, Cal.

IN ABSENCE.

I am content with you away . . .
"Dearest," I speak, forgetting, "Look!
The line we could not find that day,
Here in the hidden book!"

I move about the rooms, serene . . .
My foot was nearly on the stair
To show you how this vine's soft green
Looked, bound about my hair.

I smile, and stitch my silken dress . . .
Oh, almost I had risen, then,
To keep the house in quietness
Till you put down your pen—

My day goes swiftly, happily,
In this dear place, in these dear walls . . .
But you are coming home to me,
Coming when darkness falls!

Good Housekeeping. —*Margaret Widdemer.*

ELAN VITAL.

Some days I tend which careful sun and showers,
But hungry time demands their fruit of me,
And I alone possess my wasted hours,
That are the children of infinity.

I dare rejoice that I have offered gifts
To many a deity of wood and clay,
And many a house have built where sea-sand drifts,
And many a ship lost on the ocean way.

I dare rejoice at trespassing and tears,
And at the doomed Niagaras of the soul,
That, flowing faster as the chasm nears,
Go down in thunder, knowing not their goal;

For by their depth of wastage I can tell
How deep the source, how inexhaustible.

The Atlantic Monthly. —*Viola C. White.*

THE FIELD

MR. HOLMES'S SPEAKING TRIP

On Monday evening, January 10th, Mr. Holmes started west on the longest and most varied speaking trip which he has ever undertaken. He will be absent from New York nearly five weeks, as he is not due to reach home until Thursday, February 10th. His schedule of engagements will take him to the Middle West, where he spoke last year, then on to the Pacific Coast, via Denver, where he will spend a week in San Francisco and Los Angeles. His itinerary, as arranged on January 1st, in incomplete form is as follows:

Tuesday, January 11, Cleveland, O., Women's City Club.

Wednesday, January 12, Cleveland, O., Council of Jewish Women.

Thursday, January 13, Chicago, Ill., Women's City Club.

Friday, January 14, Chicago, Ill., Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Saturday, January 15, Cleveland, O., Men's City Club.

Sunday, January 16, Detroit, Mich., A. M., First Unitarian Church; P. M., Labor Forum.

Monday, January 17, Chicago, Ill., A. M., League of Religious Fellowship; P. M., Sinai Social Centre.

Tuesday, January 18, Chicago, Ill., A. M., Men's City Club; Milwaukee, Wis., P. M., Open Forum.

Wednesday, January 19, Minneapolis, Minn., A. M., Lunch Club; P. M., Laymen's League.

Thursday, January 20, Winnetka, Ill., Women's Club.

Friday, January 21, en route to Denver.

Saturday, January 22, en route to Denver.

Sunday, January 23, Denver, Colo., A. M., Unitarian Church; P. M., Open Forum.

Monday, January 24, Denver, Colo., Ft. Collins Agricultural College.

Tuesday, January 25, Denver, Colo.

Wednesday, January 26, en route San Francisco.

Thursday, January 27, San Francisco, Cal.

Friday, January 28, San Francisco, Cal., A. M., Commonwealth Club; P. M., First Unitarian Church.

Saturday, January 29, Los Gatos, Cal., Church of the Universal Fellowship.

Sunday, January 30, Palo Alto, Cal., A. M., Leland Stanford University; Oakland, Cal., P. M., First Congregational Church.

Monday, January 31, en route Los Angeles, Cal.

Tuesday, February 1, Los Angeles, Cal., First Unitarian Church.

Wednesday, February 2, Los Angeles, Cal., People's Church, Liberal Ministers' Club.

Thursday, February 3, Los Angeles, Cal.

Friday, February 4, en route Iowa City, Iowa.

Saturday, February 5, en route Iowa City, Iowa.

Sunday, February 6, Iowa City, Iowa, A. M., Unitarian Church; P. M., University of Iowa.

Monday, February 7, Iowa City, Iowa, Commercial Club.

Tuesday, February 8, en route New York.

Sunday, February 13, New York City, A. M., Community Church.

Mr. Holmes will reoccupy his pulpit on Sunday, February 13, when he will preach the first of a series of four sermons on "Men, Women and Ideals." The special topics and dates, are:

February 13—Young Men and Maidens.
February 20—Husbands and Wives.
February 27—Parents and Children.
March 3—Old Age and Its Coming.

A LIBERAL COLONY BANISHED TO EGYPT

A Remarkable People, Leaving Germany in 1868 for Conscience' Sake, Have Enriched Palestine, But Are Put Out of the Land—An Opportunity for Service.

A notable religious community which has been affiliated with liberal religion for some years past is the Society of the Temple in Palestine. This society consists of colonists who, to the number of about three thousand, went from Germany to the Holy Land in 1868 and after in search of the religious freedom and economic opportunity denied them in their own country. These emigrants resembled the early founders of New England in many ways. They have been exiles for conscience' sake. They were plain people, no nobles or men of wealth among them. Mainly farmers and artisans, they were intelligent, industrious, liberty loving and devout. They encountered difficulties and dangers. They suffered from sickness and death, poverty and loneliness, and the wretched political and social conditions of Palestine under the misgovernment of the Turk. But they never gave up hope or endeavor. They planted colonies at Jaffa, Sarona, Lydda, Haifa, Nazareth and Jerusalem, which became, through their intelligent industry and thrift, the most flourishing agricultural settlements in Palestine. Their orchards and farms were a model and an encouragement to the entire community. Their schools, especially their high school for boys, were unsurpassed. Meanwhile their ordered family life and upright dealing with their neighbors won for them the regard of the strangely complex population of the country. Arab, Jew and Christian alike acknowledged the value of their contribution to the higher life of the community. The economic basis of the movement was democratic and co-operative, but not communistic. The religion they preached, at first distorted somewhat by millennarian views of the speedy coming of the Kingdom of Christ on Palestinian soil, gradually sobered down to a more sane view of the nature of God's Kingdom on earth and the method of its attainment. Always cherishing the principle of spiritual freedom, the Temple Society today, as in the beginning, makes but one requirement of its adherents—a belief in the Kingdom of God on earth, and a willingness to labor for its increase. The religion it lives by is a rational and spiritual Christianity, in which the ethical and social elements predominate.

In the year 1912 it was my privilege to become personally acquainted with these colonists, to visit several of their settlements and schools, and to attend their Sunday services. The sentiments and ideals to which I listened were those of Channing, Parker and Martineau, the nearest approach I encountered in the East to the worship of New England Pilgrim meeting houses. Their church order is congregational, conducted almost entirely by laymen, and with a touch of that patriarchism which is justified in a society like that of Palestine. Their journal, *The Watch-Tower*, to which I sometimes contributed, and which printed entire my exposition of Unitarianism, was a publication of character and good sense. In addition to the extension of their cause in their new home, they also planted missions in Germany, the United States, and especially Southern Russia. In 1913 the present leader of the Society, Christian Rohrer, in company with its business manager, Dr. J. Hoffman, accepted an invitation to attend the Sixth International Congress of Religious Liberals in Paris. He spoke at one of its sessions, was deeply interested in its proceedings, and declared his adhesion to it. When later we planned a great meeting in Jerusalem of all the Theistic elements in Palestine—Jewish, Mohammedan and Christian—it was the Temple Society which was to serve as its nucleus.

Such was the condition and outlook of these modern Templars of Palestine seven years ago. The World War interrupted their customary occupations; heavy exactions were made upon them by their Moslem rulers; their young men were given the choice of entering the German armies or being drafted into those of Turkey. Finally, with the occupation of the country by the British, the larger part of these colonists, because of their German origin or descent, were carried away captive to Egypt, and for two long years have known the bitterness of separation from the homes they had come to love so well, and the ruin of their earthly fortunes.

The first word of Christian sympathy which came to them was a letter from Rev. Georges S. Kukhi, representative of the American and British Unitarians, now in Jerusalem, whose fraternal message gave them great comfort and hope. Since then their leader, Christian Rohrer, has written me, under date of July 30, 1920, from the Palestine Internment Camp, Chosebrah, Cairo, Egypt, in excellent English, concerning the condition and needs of these unfortunate exiles:

"Between the autumn of 1917 and August, 1918, the people of our colonies, Jaffa, Sarona, Wilhema, and at last Jerusalem, together with others, were successively deported to Egypt, and for the most part interned in the vast building of Al-Hayat at Helouan. About four hundred of these prisoners, belonging to our community, having been transferred to the former Austro-Hungarian Hospital at Cairo, at the end of June, 1920, have at last (after two years and more of detention) got permission to return to Palestine, owing to the kind mediation of the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva, and the intercession of some noble-hearted English lords in Parliament, especially Lord Nelson. Unfortunately we cannot return at once. A great many of our houses—for instance, it is said, our whole colony near Jerusalem—have been sequestrated for the use of the army, and most of the unoccupied houses need repairs. We therefore had to send on a committe of some thirty men and women to prepare lodgings for us. So we cannot tell as yet

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precisely the time of our repatriation to Palestine.

"But what we do know is that we still have to surmount a mountain of difficulties, and that our need will only appear in its acuteness when the interned shall at once be put to the necessity of nourishing and maintaining themselves by their own means, after having lost —so they must assume—most of their property left behind in Palestine. There will be a want of ready money for buying food, clothes, bedding, tools, agricultural machinery, etc. Yet we are far from despairing, for we have learned —especially during these long years of adversity—to trust in the Almighty, who is Lord of our destiny.

"Greetings to the Unitarian Association."

Rev. Georges Kukhi, now in Palestine, writing on this matter from Jerusalem on July 9, 1920, reports:

"Eight or more members of the Temple Society, most of them too old to be taken to the internment camps in Egypt, are still here. I called on them and they were filled with joy. Decrepit old people, impoverished and discouraged. I tried to comfort and hearten them. They hold services in a private house. I attended some of them. The remainder of these colonists are still in Egypt, but are hoping to return soon. Many of the older people and children have died in exile. They have lost their means, and their condition is heartbreaking. Mr. Wieland, who was the richest among them, is now an inmate of an old people's home. I called on the dear old man and found him gentle, reasonable and resigned. I am interested in these people because they are the only liberal Christian community here, and everybody tells you that so far as Palestine is concerned they have been as the salt of the earth. They have done more for Palestine than any other group, and it is a pity to let them die. So I am trying to do all I can for them. I wrote to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and appealed for their help. Now I am writing to you to try and raise a little sum for their relief. I have also written to Dr. S. A. Eliot and Secretary L. C. Cornish. We cannot let this people perish, and with them the liberal religious and ethical principles of our faith in the Holy Land."

I have heard a rumor that the British government has decided not to permit any of these unfortunate people to return to the land which now is their only home. I cannot believe that they will be so unjust and cruel. An earnest protest against expulsion of the members of the Society of the Temple from their home country or any confiscation of their property should be made. A similar aggression by the Roumanian government on Unitarians in Transylvania was met with a protest which proved effective. May it prove so in the present instance!

Communications and contributions may be sent to

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